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the three kingdoms. But it is time I should proceed upon my journey.

"The first six or seven miles after leaving Clifden, the road lies through a peopled country, though not thickly peopled. The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful and striking scenes, on land and sea,—climbing up high steep, and then descending into deep valleys; skirting and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, freshwater lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys, and deep hollows, that lie in the heart of the mountains."

"For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous,—everywhere, of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough, and rugged enough to verge upon sublimity; and which never degenerated into tameness of outline or insignificance in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character; for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides; the curlew and the plover only, were on the margin of the lakes; and the bouquet of heaths, was reserved for the wild bee."

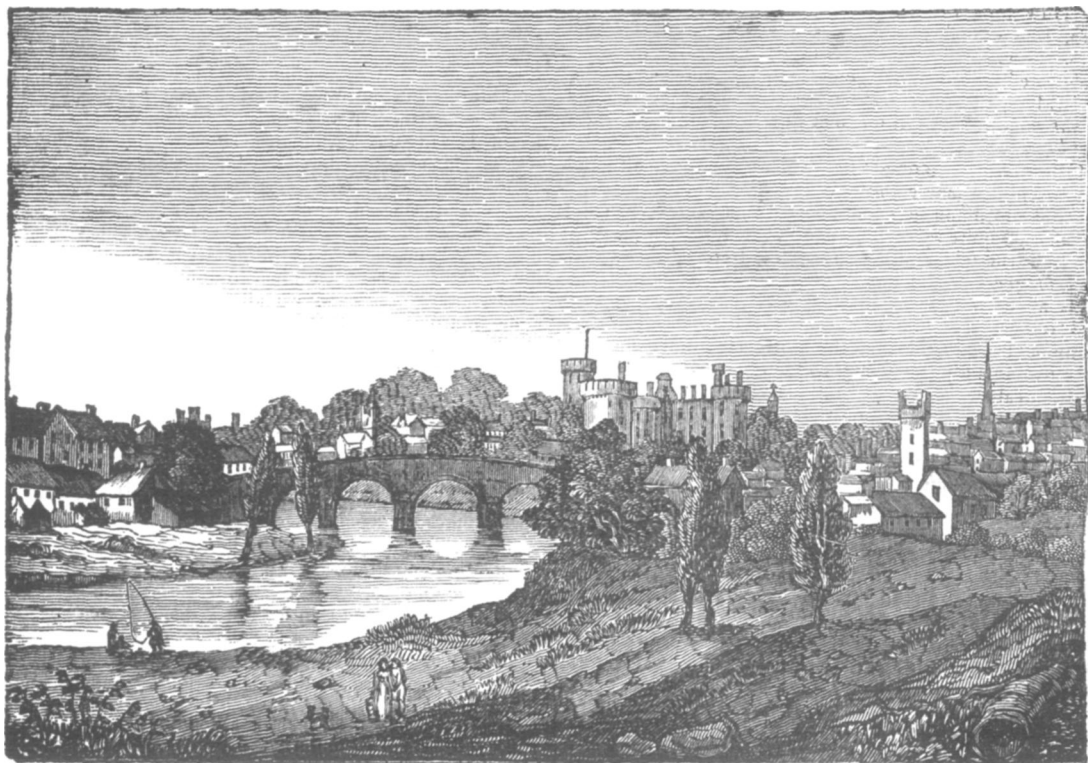
THE KILLERIES.

"After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more, the scenery of a Norwegian *Fiord*, than any thing I know nearer home. The inlet is not above an English mile across: several parts of the mountain boundary rise abruptly from the water; but there are here and there clefts and hollows, which discover more elevated peaks beyond, and show the breadth and extent of the range. There is no scene

in England of the same character as the Killery; nor another in Ireland either, on so grand a scale. If the mountain sides on the Killery were wooded, it would be almost unnecessary to travel into Norway in search of scenery.... It is from the water only that scenery of this kind is seen in perfection. A blue sky—a perfect calm—mild air—and magnificent scenery—united in furnishing forth a banquet of enjoyment; and I reached the house of *Jack Joyce*, fully disposed to be pleased with whatever the helpmate of this renowned person should set before me. This is one of the most noted spots in these wilds; and the owner one of the most noted persons."

"I purposed going forward to Westport that evening, and, indeed, actually set out; but I changed my mind. It would have been dark before I could have reached Westport; and I do not approve of passing through a strange country in the dark. Do not suppose I mean to question the security of travelling in these parts. I mean only to question the propriety of passing in the dark through a country which one wishes to see. The traveller need be under no apprehension in any part of Ireland. Irish outrages are never committed upon strangers; and however strong the disposition may be among the peasantry of Ireland to oppose the law and screen delinquents, I do not believe an outrage committed on a stranger and a traveller, would receive any thing but condemnation from all classes."

"A two or three hours' ramble among the mountains spent the evening much to my mind. It was as splendid an evening as it had been a day. Every mountain top was clear: and from some neighbouring heights all the Mayo mountains were placed in magnificent amphitheatre before me—the celebrated 'Reek' in the midst of them, raising its cone sharp and clear above them all. An hour's chat with *the Joyce*, and the accompaniment of a glass of whiskey and water, finished the day: and notwithstanding that the way-farer's bed-room in the house of *Jack Joyce* had not much to boast of, over the accommodation of Mr. Flynn at the half-way house, fatigue kindly rendered me insensible to all annoyances."



THE CITY OF KILKENNY, FROM THE NORTH.

The city of Kilkenny (literally, the Church of St. Kenny, or Kenicus) contains the towns of Kilkenny proper, and the Irish town, or St. Canice's. It must have

been formerly a place of great strength, consequence, and beauty, if we judge from the remains of its gates, towers and walls, and from the venerable ruins of its monasteries,

and abbeys, which, even in their desolate destruction, exhibit such beautiful and exquisite specimens of taste and skill. Hollingshead tells us, that this city takes its name from St. Kamicus, or Canice, vulgarly called Kenny, who was born in this county, and in his infancy suckled with the milk of a cow. Here are the ruins of three ancient monasteries, called St. John's, St. Francis's, and the Black Abbey, all said to have been erected by the Mareschals, Earls of Pembroke. The cathedral stands in a lonely and beautiful situation, and is a venerable Gothic pile. The castle was built in 1195, on the site of one destroyed twenty-two years before by the Irish. In the choir of the friars preachers are interred, Wm. Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, who died April, 1234, and his brother Richard, over whom was placed the following epitaph:—

"Hic comes est positus Richardus vulnere fossus, cujus sub fossa Kilkenia continet ossa."

Kilkenny and the borough of St. Canice's enjoy separate charters and privileges. On 23d March, 1650, Cromwell came before this city, and summoned it to surrender, which Sir Walter Butler bravely refused; but in a few days was obliged to capitulate, in consequence, as Cromwell said, of the treachery of the townsmen. For a view of the market-cross, taken down in 1771, and a further account of this beautiful city, see our 12th number.

KATE CONNOR.

"Trust me your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Grave: and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: come," he continued, "sit down on the soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last?" enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry,) and seated herself at her godfather's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe; and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—ay, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I dare use such a phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived at Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him to remaining on the coast alone. 'Not at home to any one,' were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers: from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature. At last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—'that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent.' I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some inquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. 'I cannot understand it,' he said; 'when we resided there, it was only from the pa-

pers that I heard of the "dreadful murders," "horrible outrages," and "malicious burnings." All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes—and a good tenant too—may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowances for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them *desire* more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants.'

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said. 'Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent.'

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert," interrupted my father sternly: 'I selected Mr. O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party.'

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. 'The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear—' He paused, and then added abruptly, 'it is very extraordinary, often as I mentioned it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!' He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female, who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. 'Ah then, sure ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the door—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his Lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore.' It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly between hers, exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—'Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!' And then, in a subdued voice, she added—'Praise to the Lord!—his care never left me—and I would die content this minute—only for you, mother dear!—yourself only—and—' Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered, when they saw Kate Connor seated that evening by my side—and my father, (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us, in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"When we were in the country, we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to please the agent, why not? sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners, to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by ye'r lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saying yer presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould Nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lie. First of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien, because the goat, (and the crathur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds* Father Lavery)—and the agent quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the children go to learn there—and then the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering your kind honours wid. My brother, near two years ago, picked up with